

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 27

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

APRIL 1, 1917



The Wolf of Thistle Ridge.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

(In Six Chapters. Chapter First.)

WHO'S going to keep the wolf from the door if we go to live on Thistle Ridge?"

Father Winthrop, lying on the couch he had hardly left since his accident last fall, asked the question quite seriously. The whole family had been serious enough as they talked over their fortunes, but they all laughed when small Ted shouted:

"I will, if you'll let me have anything besides rubber balls to shoot in my air-gun. Say, daddy, is there a wolf on Thistle Ridge, honest?"

"It's only one of daddy's figures of speech," explained Avis, tousing the child's curly hair. "It means who'll keep us from being hungry when there's nothing to live on. The wolf is hunger, you see, and keeping him from the door means getting something to eat."

"Ho," returned Ted, scornfully, "anybody can buy things to eat at the store."

"If they have any money, you little goose," put in Elsie.

"Or any store," added Avis. "Thistle Ridge is a wilderness, isn't it, papa?"

"Near enough to it," replied Mr. Winthrop, and then there was silence for a moment.

The four narrow dark rooms where this family of six had lived since the father's accident had obliged them to cut down expenses were not very pleasant, but at any rate it was better than living on a ridge in a wilderness with a wolf hanging about the door.

"Seems as if the wolf on Thistle Ridge would have sharper teeth than any other!" began Avis, whimsically, and then she stopped to hear what Kerry was saying. So far he had said little, and they all depended a good deal on the opinion of Kerry, who was level-headed and fifteen years old—the oldest of the four young Winthrops.

"We shan't have to pay any rent at Thistle Ridge," he said. "There's a farm, and a barn, and a house with some furniture in it—didn't you say so, mother?"

"Uncle Silas said he left furniture

he had because it wasn't worth taking away," explained Mother Winthrop. "But the farm is so poor he says a grasshopper couldn't get a living there."

"He just roared with laughter because we wanted to go and stay there," added Avis. "And he said if we'd live there a month and not starve he would give it to us."

"Well!" Kerry sat down on the foot of his father's couch and looked obstinate. "I say, let's go and do it, and then make him keep his word."

"He would keep it fast enough," said Mr. Winthrop, laughing. "You see it's an abandoned farm—not worth a cent in his opinion, and he's just striking for the West to look after that mining property of his—expects to make his fortune, I guess—so he doesn't want to be bothered with what he leaves behind."

"Then let's go and live there," proposed Kerry, boldly. "You'll get well faster in the country where you can breathe, dad. If mother can take care of you, here are four of us to tackle the wolf of Thistle Ridge."

He jumped up and stood beside Avis and Elsie who were sitting on an ottoman with Ted between them.

There was not much more to be said after that. As Avis observed they had got to live somewhere, and this city lodging, humble as it was, could no longer be paid for out of their vanishing hoard of money. That hoard had dwindled sadly during the long winter that followed the accident which had disabled Mr. Winthrop and lost him his position. They had barely enough left

now to get them away to some new place. Their only near relative, Silas Orr, great-uncle to Mrs. Winthrop, had made it plain that they could expect no help from him, beyond that sarcastic permission to live, if they could, on the old farm which he had left upon the death of his wife, Aunt Sophia, the fall before.

By afternoon the Winthrop family had paid their rent, sold what little furniture they had, and were journeying up Thistle Ridge in a buckboard, with Ted's round eyes looking out for the wolf which he still half believed was a real one.

"Looks as if there might be whole packs of wolves up here," whispered Avis, squeezing Elsie's arm as they sat on the back seat. "Don't you suppose we'll just die of lonesomeness?—only if we do we mustn't tell on account of the rest."

"We'll tell each other when we can't keep it in any longer. Do you believe Kerry is whistling like that because he feels cheerful, or just to keep up his courage? Oh, look! there's the house. Or is it a barn?"

"It's both," said Avis, "but I don't know which is which."

The farm buildings stood at the top of the great lonely ridge of land. The slopes up which they had traveled were not wooded; they were old pasture-lands and pinched-looking fields running down to the coast. They could see the shine of the blue April sea behind them when they looked. Back of Thistle Ridge a wooded mountain rose up straight and steep and kept off the wind.

"That's Burnt Mountain, and there's a fire lookout station on top," explained Mother Winthrop, who had sometimes been up here to visit her aunt and uncle. "'Tisn't a very cold place even in winter," she added hopefully, "and it's coming summer soon. Anyway, it will be a roof over our heads."

The house was low and weather-beaten,



"I brought these things to keep you alive 'till morning."

and there certainly was not furniture enough to crowd the occupants.

"I can see a bed, though"—Avis was peeping into a room off the kitchen. "Of course there'll be more upstairs. And isn't this a nice big kitchen? We must live in this all the time with this old cook-stove to keep us warm. Here's a table, too, and a cupboard of dishes."

"There's nothing to put in them," announced Elsie, who had had charge of the luncheon baskets. "We ate every scrap on the way up. May I make flapjacks, mother, as soon as Kerry brings in the flour?"

They had brought a small supply of flour, sugar, and other staple articles. Avis put them away in the cupboard while Ted and Kerry made a fire and brought water from the well. The flapjacks were beginning to smoke in the frying-pan and Father Winthrop was laughingly calling for one from the bedroom where Mother Winthrop was making him comfortable when there came a tremendous knock at the door.

Kerry opened it and they all stood and stared, quite forgetting their manners in their astonishment at the visitor who came marching in. He was a small elderly man with a head like a scrubbing-brush, and whiskers that seemed to bristle as he looked at them out of two snapping black eyes.

"I ain't hankering for neighbors," he announced, "but if I've got to have some I don't want dead ones. So I brought these things to keep you alive till morning. I guess you'll go back same way you come when you've had time to look round a little."

He banged on the table a tall pail of steaming baked beans and set down beside it a loaf of hot brown bread with the paper peeling off. Then he turned and glared at the young people as they stared at him.

"Hope you'll know me next time," he observed huffily. "My name's Brown—C. C. Brown—and I live right over there." He pointed out of the back kitchen window, and added, with a snap of his eyes, "You let me alone, and I'll let you alone."

With that he whisked out of the door and vanished just as Mother Winthrop came from the bedroom.

"What a funny man!" exclaimed Avis. "Was he a brownie or something? Anyway, here's the brown bread and beans—and, oh, don't they smell almost good enough to cure you of homesickness!"

"Who's going to be homesick for those stuffy little rooms in a back street?" scoffed Kerry. "Say, I kind of like that man!"

"I think I can tell you who he is," said Mother Winthrop. "Don't you remember that the last time Uncle Silas visited us he told us of a queer hermit sort of man who had come and built a log house on some land near the pasture. Yes, I'm sure his name was Brown, and Uncle Silas said they called him 'Professor'—for fun, I suppose. Country people are great on humorous nicknames. He's the only neighbor we have on the Ridge."

"I wonder what he's professor of?" laughed Avis. "Perhaps he teaches the crows to sing, or keeps a school for gray squirrels down in the pasture."

"I guess he's professor of baked beans—anyway, somebody cooked these that knew how." Kerry flourished a spoon in the air, and then began to set chairs, while the girls piled the flapjacks on a hot platter and poured the cocoa. They opened the bedroom door wide so that Father Winthrop could see them as they sat at table. So

their first meal was rather a merry one, after all, and they began to forget their dreary journey and the arrival at the empty house.

But after supper, when Father Winthrop was tucked away in bed with mother sitting beside him, and the four young people were alone in the darkening kitchen with only the flickering fire in the rusty stove to keep them company, such a wave of homesickness came creeping over them that nobody could talk much. They could see a light in the hermit's house when they looked over towards the pasture; but except for that they might have thought themselves the only human creatures between the rolling slopes of land and the great dark sky. Burnt Mountain was a mass of dense black shadow, and they could hear the wind roaring among the trees high above Thistle Ridge.

Ted might well have been thinking of real wolves when he came and squeezed himself between Avis and Elsie on the old settle. Ted was, as he grandly informed visitors, in his ninth year, but he was rather a baby for all that. He flung himself into Elsie's lap as something stirred outside the window.

"Ow!" he murmured, muffling his head in his sister's dress. "It's the wolf." That unlucky figure of speech had made a great impression on his small mind.

It certainly was startling even to the older ones to see a great black head with upstanding ears and shining eyes peering into the low window near the back door. The girls had got behind the settle with Ted between them before they knew what they were doing, and Kerry caught up the poker on the way to the door. But they heard him laugh as he laid it down and lifted the latch.

"Here's your wolf, Ted," he remarked, throwing wide the door which opened directly upon the path under the apple trees at the back of the house.

A great black dog came walking in, his silky ears raised and his plummy tail waving as he offered Kerry a folded note. The boy opened it and read these words, "Go down to the south field to-morrow morning."

"It's from the hermit, of course. Hermits are always funny and like mysteries," declared Avis. "What a splendid dog! Look, he wants to go home now his errand is done. Now let's go to bed ourselves so as to pass away the time till we can find out what's in that south field."

They hardly knew what they expected to find when early next morning they went down to Uncle Silas's old field south of the house. It lay brown and warm under the April sun, and the only thing to be seen was a large upstanding sign bearing the words:

"Dig here for gold."

"C. B."

(To be continued.)

A Spring Fancy.

I WISH the green twin maple keys
That every school-boy loves to squeeze
(The timid little girls to tease)
Could open trunks of maple trees.
Oh, then I'd nibble at my ease
On maple sugar—all I please!

DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

With eyes all tender and blushes shy,
April smiles with a tear-wet face.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Same Dear Old Song.

BY B. R. STEVENS.

ROBIN has come again!
See his red breast
Flash 'cross the blue
Like the sun in the west.
What is he saying now
On busy wing?
Just his old song, you know,
"Welcome to spring!"

Daffodil's nodding here
Bonny and buff:
Jonquil is saying
She's happy enough!
Dear sweet Narcissus—
Now what does *she* sing?
Just her old song, you know,
"Welcome to spring!"

Happy hearts beating
The busy earth round:
What is the secret
The whole world has found?
What makes the joy-bells
So merrily ring?
Just the old song, you know,
"Welcome to spring!"

The Flower Fête.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

JENNY COLES stood at her garden gate. It was the Sunday before Easter, and the air was soft and warm in her Virginia home, for Easter was not early this year.

"Won't you be late, dear?" called her mother, from the porch.

"I—I don't want to go," admitted Jenny, turning slowly round. "I wish I could go to a Sunday school where they were all poor people, like us."

She was a pretty girl, with a very sweet-tempered mouth and bright eyes; so that her announcement was rather surprising. You would not have thought Jenny critical.

"Why, my dear, what difference does that make at church?" her mother asked.

"It makes more than you'd think," replied Jenny. "I didn't mind while I was in Miss Wells' class. The girls go to the public school, and two are in my class there. But since I've been promoted to Miss Baker's, who has the girls that go to her private school, it isn't nice at all! Ruth Damer and Alice Myers and Marion Kent hardly speak to me! And though they have to go by this house to church, they never stop for me. They don't even *look*! Here they come now."

She ran back to the porch, and from the shelter of the doorway, saw three very pretty and well-dressed girls, a little older than herself, pass by. They were careful not to look! All wore light, dainty spring suits, and straw hats with fresh-looking flowers and crisp ribbons.

"But, my dear" (Mrs. Coles laid her hand on Jenny's), "you were only promoted two Sundays ago. You must give them time. And think kindly of them, dear. Don't dwell on anything that seems like a slight. The next step will be inventing slights."

"I'll try, mother." Jenny's brow cleared, and she kissed her mother before starting for Sunday school.

During the lesson there was of course no opportunity for comradeship; but when Miss Baker left them to take her place at

the organ for the final hymn, Jenny's face flushed. The girls did not speak to her, having plenty, it seemed, to say to each other.

"We must go to the woods next Saturday," Marion Kent remarked, "for ferns and flowers for the Easter decorations."

"If they decide on the flower fête for Monday, we shall need quantities," added Ruth Damer, a handsome dark girl, with a decided manner. "There are to be prizes for the best arrangements in wild flowers, and I read a story yesterday which gave me an idea. I'll tell you its name on Tuesday," she said, with a smile.

"Too late to do us any good," laughed Alice Myers. "I don't care! Our hot-house flowers are safe for a prize, I think."

She had a pleasant manner, and as she spoke her eyes fell on Jenny, sitting stiff and silent. She seemed to want to speak to her. But at that moment the signal sounded, and they all rose and went for the concluding hymn into the large Sunday school assembly room.

Mr. Jarvis, the superintendent, made an announcement.

"To raise funds towards the installation of the new indirect lighting," he said, "we have decided on a 'flower fête' on Easter Monday. Admission will be twenty-five cents, but each exhibitor will be given two cards—one for herself, one for a friend. Those who will exhibit single specimens, plants in pots, or arrangements of wild flowers, ferns and mosses, may give in their names to-day. The prizes will be in money, three in each department. Refreshments will be served, and we shall ask the exhibitors to assist at the tables."

To the surprise of her classmates, Jenny Coles gave in her name as an exhibitor of wild flowers, ferns and mosses. The woods were near her home, and she knew her way about in them in the dark!

All through that week she went daily to the woods in search of materials. She wrote her name on bits of wood, and stuck them close to treasured discoveries. Yellow violets abounded, and trilliums were plentiful. In certain dank recesses ferns and mosses were finer and more delicate than elsewhere.

Mrs. Coles entered happily into the idea, and helped Jenny make and plan a design to be carried out in the various products of the friendly woods.

In this delightful interest, Jenny ceased to feel anger at the slights she had endured on Sundays, and did not resent so keenly the brief nods or even averted glances of the three girls, whom she occasionally met on a week-day. Her tiny, artificial garden was joy-producing in itself, and the search for ferns and flowers called for so much time out of doors, that Nature seemed to extend her own balm for any little mental hurts.

Saturday came: the exhibit was all but complete. Some very fragile fern fronds, to be so arranged as to hide the edge of the bowl, were still in requisition, but these Jenny decided she would gather in the afternoon of Saturday. The morning was devoted to helping her mother and to putting the house in order.

Just as she was setting out, at peace with herself and all mankind, the minister came by, and stopped with his accustomed cordiality.

"Come in, Mr. Dart," Jenny said, smiling, "Mother will be so glad to see you."

"I'll have a chat with her while you are off to the woods," replied Mr. Dart. "You're



Pupils and Teachers of the Kindergarten and First Primary Classes in the First Unitarian Sunday School, Lowell, Mass.

coming to help us with the refreshment tables, I hope?"

Jenny started. She remembered the superintendent's words, to which she had never given another thought.

"No, sir, I think not." She flushed as she spoke. "No one has said anything to me about it."

"I understood Miss Baker's class were to see to the refreshments." He looked puzzled. "I'll inquire into it."

Jenny went very slowly on to the woods. She was so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not observe the darkening sky, the heavy clouds, which her eyes, trained to observation, would have been quick to notice at another time.

"They've left me out," she thought, angrily. "I wish—I *wish* I could get even with them!"

She went on into the woods, for her special pet corner was a long way in. Somehow, the zest had been taken even from her exhibit. She was not counting on the prize—there might be others better than her own, but until now she had taken pleasure in its undeniable beauty.

"I won't go to the Sunday school," she thought, almost fiercely. "I'll just attend church service. Mother'll let me."

On she went, but somehow she felt her anger fading, though her resolve did not change. The woods were so beautiful, the grass so friendly, the very buds so eloquent of a joy no one could take away, the little flowers such messengers of peace and calm, that by the time she found her nook, and saw her ferns guarded by her little "flags" waiting for her, she was her sweet-tempered self again. She took her trowel and gathered her treasures, putting them, with plenty of earth, into her basket.

It was then that she became aware of the darkness, which increased every moment. Next, a few large, heavy drops of rain forced their way between the leaves; then came a flash of lightning and a distant roar of thunder.

Jenny's only care was for her ferns. She herself, clad in old winter clothes, had nothing to fear from the elements. Besides, the woods were so dense that the rain could not penetrate very much.

She rose, then stopped again. Other sounds halted her feet. They were the voices of her Sunday school classmates.

"We're lost!" Marion Kent was speaking.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't worn this thin dress!"

Alice Myers' voice sounded as if she were about to cry. "I know I'll have a cold for Monday!"

"Oh, don't worry about a cold!" Ruth Damer cried with real distress. "How in the world are we to find our way out?"

"Why did we stay so long over lunch! I said we ought to start!"

"O Alice!" Marion's voice was desperate. "Never mind what's done! Think about what we have to do. Who remembers something we can turn back by, like a burnt tree?"

"I didn't notice anything but the flowers," Alice answered.

Jenny stood perfectly still. She had only to keep quiet, and they wouldn't know she was there, and would go away. They had not been nice to her, and she didn't feel that she was called upon to be nice to them.

"If only any of us had any 'wood sense,'" Ruth sighed. "Come this way, girls; it's no use standing still."

They were starting the wrong way! Jenny still hesitated. She knew that she ought to interfere, but was not inclined to do so. Then, all at once, the thought that to-morrow was Easter Day flashed into her mind. How could she enjoy the flower-filled church if she had to look back on the memory of an unkind action on Easter Eve?

She parted the branches that concealed her, and called out:

"Hello! May I help?"

Without waiting for an answer, she forced her way through the bushes and faced the girls. They were tired and draggled, frightened and cold and getting wet,—and their eyes gave her a welcome.

"Have you lost your way?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes," Marion became spokeswoman, "we don't know which way to turn."

"I am going home," Jenny replied; "will you know your way from our house?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," they chorused.

"Come with me, then," said Jenny, and led them towards the pathway.

Once she stopped.

"Do you forget the way?" asked Alice, quickly.

Jenny turned, and smiled at her.

"No," she said, "but one path is an easier walk than the other and we will take that. Here, by this tree."

"You know the woods?" Marion inquired.

"Yes, indeed," Jenny replied briefly.

They said little till they reached the edge



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PALO ALTO, CAL.,
356 Lincoln Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Palo Alto, and I enjoy it very much.

In our Sunday school every Sunday a collection is taken up for the Belgians, besides our regular Sunday-school collection. Every child who wants to is asked to give seven cents or more a week. It only means a penny a day, as seven cents will feed a baby for a day. If only all the children in the United States would give a penny a day, at least a good part of the babies would be saved.

Lovingly,

BARBARA MARX.

P.S. I am sending a card that will tell all about it:

SEVEN CENTS SAVES A BABY.

Seven American children giving a penny a day could save a Belgian baby.

A penny a day from every Sunday-school child in America would make two million dollars a month for the children of Belgium.

Let a special member of the Sunday school collect it each Sunday.

Send it, stating name and place of the Sunday school, weekly or monthly, to

THE COMMISSION FOR RELIEF IN BELGIUM,
CHILDREN'S FUND,

Alexander J. Hemphill, Treasurer,
120 Broadway, New York City.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Northfield Unitarian Sunday school, and I wonder if I could join the Beacon Club? Rev. George L. Thompson is our minister. I go to church and Sunday school every Sunday. Dr. Barber, whose hymn, "Our

Faith," was given in *The Beacon* of February 18, is my great-uncle, and I have heard my mama tell his poem about the horse. I am six years old.

Your little friend,

DEAN W. WILLIAMS.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have read *The Beacon* every Sunday and noticed the letters in the back asking to become members of the Beacon Club. I want to do the same. I am ten years old and I go to St. Peter's Chapel. My teacher's name is Miss Flanders. My minister's name is Rev. Laurence Hayward. Each one in the Sunday school is going to bring ten cents for Easter and then we are going to give it to some of the poor people of Boston.

I enclose an enigma.

Yours truly,

ALFRED KNIGHT.

WINNIPEG, MAN.,
317 College Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I like it very much. Our minister is Doctor Westwood. We like him very much. We had a very nice party at Christmas. We had Santa Claus and a Christmas tree. We had lots of games and lots of fun. I like *The Beacon* very much. I have been going to Sunday school for six years and have only missed six Sundays. We are going to have a snowshoe party on Saturday. I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

MARJORIE PUTTEE.

Other new members of our Club are Ruth Chase, Chase, Ala.; Senta Schlecting, San Francisco, Cal.; Alice Roddewig, Davenport, Ia.; Marguerite Yelmgren, Geneseo, Ill.

of the wood. Then Jenny turned, with a smile. She had a surprise for them.

"The path we took," she said, "brings you half a mile nearer your homes. That will make it easier for you."

"Oh," Marion exclaimed, "but you have that much farther to go in the rain!"

"I don't mind," said Jenny.

"It's very kind of you," faltered Alice. "Come, girls. We're too wet to stand still."

"If you," Marion still spoke to Jenny, "will come with me"—

"No, thank you," said Jenny. "I shall be all right."

At that moment an automobile came along the muddy road and stopped.

"It's our car," cried Ruth. She turned to Jenny; "Please come in; we'll take you home first."

Jenny might have refused, but a lady leaned her head out of the window.

"I have just been to your home," she called, "to ask you to pour tea on Monday, and your mother said you would. Jump right in."

So Jenny went home in the automobile with the others. When she got out, Marion caught her hand.

"You and I will share a table," she said, and her eyes were quite winning and entreating, "and thank you so much!"

Jenny went in, to find her mother making some hot tea for her.

"Oh!" She put the cup down. "I was almost mean! I'm glad I wasn't quite. I think I shall enjoy Sunday school, and the flower fête, now."

The next day she found pleasant classmates. The sunshine of kindness and goodwill had melted the ice of their reserve, so that spring had come in their hearts.

Use What You Have.

SOME one has said that the violin which hangs on the wall and is never touched is in reality worth less than the kitchen poker which is used every day and several times a day. The real test of the value of a thing is the use to which you put it. There are some college graduates whose education counts less in helping the community than the little some one else has picked up by himself or herself. Use what you have to make it worth something.

Exchange.

Little New Oak Leaves.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

I USED to wonder how it was,

Amid the frost and snow,
That fairies warmed their tiny hands,—

But now I really know.

For everywhere in springtime woods,—

A lovely sight to see,—

Are fairies' woolly winter gloves

On oaken bush and tree,

All hanging there so pink and soft,

And blowing in the breeze;—

So now I know their secret, told

To me by those oak trees.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA LXI.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 6, is a small animal.
My 2, 6, 13, is a useful bird.
My 14, 9, 13, is very bad.
My 1, 3, 4, is what we ride in.
My 4, 9, 10, 2, 3, 4, 8, is a boy's name.
My 7, 1, 3, 5, 8, is to burn with hot water.
My 4, 3, 11, 12, is a farmer's implement.
My whole is a famous writer.

G. BOWKER.

ENIGMA LXII.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 6, 7, 8, 10, is the opposite of sad.
My 10, 8, 7, 2, is a valley.
My 3, 8, 9, 10, is something used in gymnasium.
My 7, 4, 6, is a part of a chair.
My 7, 2, 1, 10, is the opposite of borrow.
My 3, 8, 5, 2, is to grow less.
My whole is a section of the United States.

ALICE BROWN.

TWISTED BIRDS.

1. Obirn.
2. Hsruht.
3. Ewrn.
4. Gleea.
5. Kodoerwpec.
6. Low.
7. Rolieo.
8. Ahkw.
9. Prarsow.
10. Roehn.

R. W. H.

HIDDEN CITIES OF THE U. S.

1. A foreman and 2000 lbs.
2. Not old and an ancient vessel.
3. Preached the gospel.
4. Takes care of us all.
5. Grinds corn, a series of battles, unlocks.
6. Boys play, to fasten with string, a larger quantity.
7. A boy's name, the first letter, a woody nook, an exclamation of reproof, the first letter.
8. The cleansing of clothes, 2000 lbs.
9. Not old, a harbor.
10. To cut, earth.

The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 25.

ENIGMA LVI.—*The Beacon*.

ENIGMA LVII.—Rip Van Winkle.

ADD R.—1. Clover. 2. Dover. 3. Liver. 4. Crater.

5. Quaker. 6. Beer. 7. Deer.

WORD SQUARE.—F R O G

R U S E

O S S A

G E A R

TWISTED FISH.—1. Mackerel. 2. Salmon. 3. Bluefish. 4. Bass. 5. Dog-fish. 6. Butterfish. 7. Halibut. 8. Swordfish. 9. Smelt. 10. Haddock.

THE BEACON.

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON